

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

CIRCLES OF LIGHT

poems

(translated from Romanian by the author)



Phoenix • Chicago
Erhus University Press

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(translated from Romanian by the author)

for Jerry & Joan Vandevoort friendly



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The artwork in this book
was created by the author.

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BEFORE THE WORD

On the strings of the language of fire
We are melting as a guitar, sonorous
Letters in the breviaries are flourishing
And we lapse alive among tall pages...
The hymera come to us, as armies, like
A domestic wound in the soul's fluid
The sleep is smashed into sweet oblivion
Of dreams, as the wood on embers

In symbols we expand the poem
And we shrink it
And the metaphor
Opens a window the Sun invades
The letter lays its life on paper

Ideas which are sucking as if from
A mother
Vertical images - lit at their top
As the electric names of firms
Blue verses as the hour and soft
As the timidity, attacked by quietness
And defeated by shouts, with
White murmurs of Springs or
Evening shoot

How can I cure my beginning, of
Many small things
When anything I say seems to me
That others have said before?

I live in many places, and more at
The same time - and each verse I leave
A life of mine only, only one life

Tombs will be, for me, the distance
Coffins: the infinite!

Like the bird in its flight, let's
Stretch the tender poetry's arch!
And its bow, let us relieve towards
The moving target of the
Eternity!

LET US COLLECT ALL THE HONEY
FROM THE LIGHT

May in flower
Hung on a twig

A plant of feelings
Begins to work
Skinny and ardent
The carnation
Breaks its head
In the Sun
Slowly our early dream
Is trickling
On the face

Let us collect all the honey
From the light
Without surrender!

WINEYARD VINATGED BY
THE SUN

Vineyard vintaged
By the Sun
And squeezed
By lights

As a boat
Through the canopy
The Moon
Us founding in waters...

The yellow corns
Lit lamps
Under the arms

I catch sight of peasants
In the long and big wagon
Of the sky

READING TO THE SPIRIT

I am laying idly, with the arm under a head...

The title of a book
Is winding as a shout
On the top

From the desire of being
Polished by the absolute
I begin to read
Hung with eye's hook
To the words

The letters jump off the pages
Pull my hand
Bring the foreign lands
Under my feelings
Making noise and uproar
And tingle my ears
With the speed of the century

Getting knocked about the eardrum
Some are limping
Depositing their ashes on layers
On the brain

I Live within a second
Slightly bent towards perfection

Among the lines, a voice
Is throwing flowers at me
Its heat passes to my soul

Ahead and behind
In the end, yellowing them

Finally I become aware
Reading twice the same page
A few characters
Each one recorded
After its name and face
Inviting me to discussion
Then hurriedly getting out from the page

Like a child
The time is jumping on the stairs of years
From page to page

THE FURNISHED INTERIOR
OF A POEM

Gallant poems
With ties round the neck
Displayed on the stage
The dancers are passing holding their arms
Each one with a tune

A butterfly
On each word
And in furnished interior
Of a poem
The last word
The poet is still holding it
Between his teeth

THE METAPHOR IS FLUTTERING
FROM THE FLAG

The autumn is painting faintly
The shout of the
Asleep flowers

An old field
Rumor of cattle
With soft udder
In waves-of-ravens

As a rainbow
The metaphor is fluttering
From the flag

THE SWEET BODY
IS BREATHING AMONG FLOWERS

In your eyes
There is much distance
I read
The light
And the young hair
Which comes back to life
Under Sol's wings
The sweet body
Is breathing among flowers

Surrounded by long pleasures
In your shadow
The cruel years
Gather together
Under woven pleats
'Till they mold

CIRCLES OF LIGHT

*I am being bathed
By the oceans' life
When a sunrise
Laughs straight into my face
Its circles of light
Are passing by me
With abstract questions
But my heart begins to detach
Petals of dreams
From open eyes
But I run to catch
The big circle of the sky*

POEM

Calling from the depths towards the Flight ...
Full of bees, how is the Earth
From inside of me, white birds come out
In the blood, hearts are laughing sonorously

The day is bathing in hours
Dispersing sparks of light
The flowers are flooding the garden
Rivers of elegies and longing

THE HEIGHTS IN EAGLES GROW

Tender snowdrops
Pull from under the snow
The Spring
From universe
The Springs are striking
And in the fine breeze
With smiles upon the lips
I am tattooing myself

Meek cranes bring on the wing
The heat
The heights
In eagles grow
And the mountain with the peak
Breathes the sky

TOWARDS FULFILLMENT

A long way encircles me
Inadvertently
I am at its beginning
But I start with the right foot

Chained, my steps are heading
For the fog
Far away, through the thick fog
A white point, hardly visible
A light - a light from this entrance
An ideal

A shudder...
The hopes come back to life:
My face brightens
The blood revives
I have found
A trace of escape

I try to walk
But my legs are as lead...
I want to run
I collapse down the the Earth...
I would like to fly
And the wings of way melt in the Sun...
My thought is of flying only

I make a jump
I advance as the snail...
But for how long shall I be marching?

I implore the time to help me
It doesn't even hear me...
It seems that passing is even worse!

I have to bear the destiny
But it's immensity is pushing me
I go ahead slowly and firmly
But the monotony is boring me

I continue the way - non-way...
It's aspirations hurt me
I feel overloaded by its difficulties
And the memories overwhelm me
And yet, if I had found a different one?

I am looking for an end...an end...
But what is out there?...another beginning?
And what surprises will be in store for me?
The destiny will say its words...
Will live and see...will look over again
And my way is lost to nothingness...
I am tired - I hardly move
I begin to shake

I'm hampered by an obstacle and fall...
I rivet my looks in emptiness
I lean and ask for help
And yet I stand!

O look back:
'Til here I have succeeded!

...The time is flowing slowly
But it's still flowing

Hours have past
Days are passing
Months will pass, 'til when
I will return and
I shall find back
My love

The existence of an idol
Encourages me
The dream will come true
I will vanquish!
I will vanquish!

ILLUMINATION

Strange bath in time
Cave of my soul
I am strolling with my hands
At the back and the stalactites
Are poking my head
By me are floating
Imaginary beings
And I question myself:
Are they part of my soul?
I get frightened of a few dragons
"Oh sweetheart, what are they doing here?
Aren't you feeling cold and humid?"
I have found a drier place
She answers me
And I am seeking in vain
And I do not find
I get the pick mattock and begin to break
The wall from the ceiling...
To get in a little Sun

THE SUN'S LIGHT
IS SWARMING WITH WORMS

The Sun's light
Is swarming with worms
As a pale corpse
Putrefying in the heat
The gloom lays ill
In moldiness
In the Tiamat's wet room

THE SCORCHING HEAT SHOWS
ITSELF NAKED

The ages of the water
Put in circles
Toward infinity...
The harmonica
Of the sea is breeding exhaustion
On an air cushion
An albatross

The scorching heat shows itself
Naked
Benches waiting
In the parks

Torrid under vaults
The Sun has frozen
And stares

The scorching heat shows itself
Naked

UNDER THE WINGS THE GOLDEN EAGLE
IS GATHERING AIR

Through the Cartesian devil air
A vanishing wedding
Of horns

Slowly the breeze takes us
On sharp horns

A stag
Dying of youth
Is shaking off the childhood
Through the light grass

The golden eagle
Gathered air
With its unfolded feathers

IN THAT BIRD THERE IS
A FLIGHT

Explosion of the field
In snowdrops
The eye of the window
Looks towards outside

Symbolic grains
In forced march
Our of slime, pulled out
Light

Hung on a twig
In that bird there is
A flight

THE MEEK BODY OF POETRY

Before the stream
The fair
Muffled up before people
Among flakes of Sun
The toothless smile
Of a child

Very close to me
Gallop among words
The meek body
Of the poetry
With the mind vaulted
By the sky

THE NET OF NERVOUSNESS
OF THE DAY

The roosters are panting
Hoarsely
In the rising balloon
Of sunrise
The lights are flattening
The night
Placidly
And the trees are poking
Into the color
Invisibly
The net of nervousness
Of the day
Is expanding

My dears, I invite you
In the Sun

GLASS DOORS
OF THE INSTANT

From artesian tall flames
 Of water
 Are gushing forth
 More
 The tanned sea
Is splashing over the coat
 Wild ducks
 Are bathing
 With naked bottoms
In the Summer's lodge
 Light breezes
Are chasing each other

Dreamful on waves
 Glass doors
 Of the instant
 I open

BEGINNING

The wind which timidly is blowing
The sweet pain of the beginning
It's killing my words
Before writing them

Among acacias with beards
Through bleeding hymera
The grass' pulse is rising
The hungry hours gather up

How the Spring's water are sighing
Of the birth's sadness
How the offshoots break their rind
By the passion of the growth
This beginning is pressing heavily
On my temple
It's caressing me -it's hurting me

Have I risen in the west?

THE MAJESTIC OAK
STRONG IN MATH

Innocent, diaphanous
The Spring presents itself
As the exam...

Young carnations
Bashfully as pupils
And ivory butterflies
Students in biology
Strong in math
The majestic oak
Keeps its arms raised
The white bindweed
Gets its flower diploma

AT THE WORKING DESK OF THE COUNTRY

*With the heart dipped into the celestial ink
Of the light
The writers
At the country's working desk*

PICTURE

The day had dissolved since long
The darkness
And now it was laying
Cooked snakes in the Sun

Close to woods walked
By mushrooms
The land had woven fields

Only the azure sea
With its hair scattered
Was crying in despair

VIOLET SHOUTS

The dawns are overflowing
Their small skin, milky bags
Extinguishing the stars
The pre-dawn stillness
Is broken into chips
Of violet shouts

I idly open an eye
Into myself
From the very bottom
And the pupils stretch
Before me
On the calm beach
I feel my inner
lessening
As if my nail
Is tied to the Sun

GROWTH

After it had enough
Going around the marine worlds
At the surface
Squeezing his bristles
Through indolent waters
The fish went down to the bottom
Planning to grow
It fed itself for a while
Eating one
Devouring another
Swimming for a while
Flapping its wings on the left
It made a detour on the right
'Til it was among the whale
Challenged
One, two...
It had no more rival in the sea
When it met
The first fish
It swallowed itself
And waited to burst

RETURNING

With the thought - Sun in the pocket
Through the vast wings
It's chest had risen
Over chaste deserts

At the new clock curved by the world
In cold shadows, appears
A tenebrous porphyry of foam
The nymphia fell to the sea

OPENING TOWARDS INFINITY

Under the evening rain
Full of images
My river grows full
From the vibrant water of youth
Engulfed by the ocean of sky
A flower is opening in myself
Projecting a long corolla
Which shakingly
Touch my fingers
The dove's flight
The aspiration
To give me
The images of a God
Among words
Or above Death
We always
Shall climb through birds
And I strike the flint
Of the clean thought
To light my being
The flight is a torch
Towards infinity!

AIR WITH EYES OF BRONZE

Snakes of light...
On the canopy of a nest
A large audience:
Reverberated birds
Widen the sky

Crystal wasp' nests
Of holloworts...
Diaphanous scents through meadows
Are seeking for the flower

Air with the eyes of bronze

WE BREED BIRDS FOR THE HEIGHT

*We breed birds for the height
To defeat the distance
For Flacons
Gulp the strength
Babies with cheeks red
As the joy*

TO WRITE WRITING

I live in one word
Only:
To write writing

And before the word
With the brain
In my right hand
I take a walk
Through the soul

YOUNG AS A BEGINNING

I am young
Like a beginning
Under the living bell
Of the sunrise
And my hour
It's rising the dome

Like an ingenious sky
Which is yet risen
By the twilight
Tremulously I descend
Towards tomorrow

THINGS AND ALL
ARE BEING GATHERED IN SEEDS

Grains in the field
The peasant is crumbling
And Gaea is following him
The low is expanding the Earth
Things and all
Are gathered
In seeds

Yellow as the illness
The Sun
With make-up on its face
Squints
At the tender fields
Sweating in ponds

THE LEAVES SHAKE OFF THE NIGHT
FROM THEMSELVES

I pull the sunrise by white ropes
Through the window
The light
Is flooding the room

The leaves shake off the night
From themselves
And the storks
Are carrying on their wings
Heights
On the street a woman is passing
And is pulling my looks

IT IS GATHERING THOUGHTS
IN THE LIGHT

The science is releasing
 Its head
From the glass test tubes
 Scholars
Who rush from behind
 The time
And thoughts are gathering
 In the light
They are setting their brains
 Into computers

SWANS ARE WATCHING
THE T.V.

The immaculate
Are sipping the milk
From the Sun
Swans
Distinguished and aristocratic
On the water's screen
Are watching T.V.

ALL OUR PINES
DESCEND IN THE SONS

Shutters are being whitewashed
By light
As a rose in the slot
The dawn settles

With lined eyelids
From the soft cotton sleep
You slide into nothingness

Your mother waters you
With life
From her overripe breast
All our pines
Descend into sons

POETICAL GEOMETRY

Tall time in the low sphere
Straight pins pulse in their minds
 Towards the sky
Council of mountains is made
The wave of a sea is the chronicler

In dear Autumns with days in colors
When from the clouds the stars are
 Kissing us
The fog breaks in pieces at sunset

Through the juice from the vine
 Of the nation
With roots poked into Heaven
The life is overflowing its sweet
 Language...
And sprinkles with blood a branch

ANTIQUITY

On the hill, among the wheaters appear
The old Romans gilded with shields
And the stately sons in the process of molding
From trunks of bodies today blooming

A book is burning
Written by the longing
Let the time aside
And snatch the future

A sacred hour I caught
In my flight towards poetry
I lit the dark with a torch
My unquenchable lamp of amber!

A book is burning
Written by the longing
Let the time aside
And snatch the future

STOICAL FEELINGS

I. The Sight

I have opened the eagle eyes
In myself, 'til far away:
The sky is full of mauve blazes
And dead birds
It had fallen on the green stars
Of this Earth
Which were sparkling
In rusty armors
At the gloomy spears
Of the cold Suns of the time

II. The Hearing

When I opened my ear
At the present hour of the past
The iron crows were chomping
Biting from stone
The waters overflown by
The day's Moon, yelling
Splitting the trees with the leaves
The rock was groaning
Overthrown
By the seas and oceans
The Earth was crying!

III. The Smell

Through the foul smell of the blue air
Sniffing back
The traces of my steps
I have smelled the burning flesh
But alive
Of the cut panthers
The river of blood, deeply teaming
Through their marines
Emanating white: grass, air
Freedom

IV. The Touch

Among snowy leaves
I touched their tombs
Old but strong, brittle skeletons
With lances in tomorrow, bullets in ribs
Puppies grown from their skulls
I touched myself, but
I could not believe: I exist!
I am born from blood and stones
With shields on the straight shoulders!

V. Taste

Through the sweet wind
Of the milky pigeons
Which fly more and more
Further and further away
From young hearts
I have tasted, from my body
Bathed in the misty wine
Of the vine of the nation
When I made a wry face
To the Moon and to the Sun

EVERYWHERE WE HAVE A BEGINNING

Dizzied leaves
By the rain's
Kiss
From colored Sun
Warm symphonies
Which ascend to the sky
Everywhere we have a beginning

In my thoughts
Are streaming
The running sounds
Horses tramping
Are thrusting in the echo

IOSTLING THE FLOWERS
IN THE STREET

Tapes filled up
With tunes
Casette recorders chewing
Music
Cast in the cold patterns
Of the brain
Sentiments
And dreams
Cuts from cinema magazines
Jostling the flowers
In the streets

CHILDREN
TOWARDS WHAT ARE YOU GROWING?

Spring starts
With branches adorned
With flowers
The trees are raising
Their heads
Into the wind
The leaves
Talk of loneliness
From the Earth, from the green grass
The sprouts are rising

Towards what
Are you growing, children?

GREAT HIGHWAYS
IN UPRIGHT POSITION

Great highways
In upright position
Among
Canadian poplars
With fragile body
And with a head in the clouds
Heavy electric wires
Of so much light
A daily send
A dream
Ambassador to the Sun

MEASURE OF THE DISTANCE

Oh, Tlazolteoti
Measure of the distance
From me to myself
In my dreams sure I shall be
Drunk many times
You are nothing and you are all:
Your breasts
Rushing into my palms
As two burning volcanoes
Uncovered footsteps
Small and rebellious hands

As the Sun - more
Into my eyes
Your light would grow

THE SOUND OF THE COLORS

for Arthur Rimbaud

Long rays of the star
It's throwing from the East
And pricking
Sleeping silences
And the deep red
It's laughing like
From high spheres it's heard
The blue
How it is playing the violins
The green look
Of the field
It's shouting and calling to life
An uncolor white
It's keeping silent
Under the day's
Dead swan
Sick as the sadness
The yellow sunset
It's sighing
With heavy steps it closes
Mourning
The black voice of evening
In the garden

WE DIG WELLS FOR LIGHT

The golden look
Of the Sun
In deep tilings the dust
Opens its mouth
The sapling on the sides
Grow
In sensitivity
For so many children
The kindergarten from the valley
Is blossoming
And we dig wells
For light

I HAVE LIVED EACH PAINTING

As soon as the exhibition opened
In paintings
And hardly remembered
To get out

I have lived each painting

I had carried with me
All the emotions
But in the end I have forgotten them all
There
Part of the paintings I reproduced
On the retinue, and others
I have packed them nicely
In the mind

I have lived each painting

When I left, all colors were yelling
Yelling frantically for the heart
As after a thief
And I was dying
Dying in each painting

HOPES

*The clean rays
Of some hopes
Pull the soul's curtains
The eyes set for screaming
The inner light
Is turned on
While outside is burning
The heavy night's mantle
Which covers the day around*

I OPEN THE BOOK
OF AN INSTANT

With continuous rivers
It is raining
Ill hours
Are breaking on the pavements
Drops
Of sufferance
In fireplaces the flames
Are laughing
From behind the grills

I open the book
Of an instant
And the wings of the bird
Of a paper
Strike my eyes

SUN HYPERBOLES

The astronauts carry the Moon
On the Earth
Tearing from nature
Hyperboles
Of Sun
Countless ages
Of millennia
The broken trace
Of the Venus flight
It is bleeding sweetly
And we shall be
All our life
Only athletes
High jumper!

WITH THE SKILL CARRIED
IN DIPLOMACIES

Within offices full
Of rest
Beurocrats
With the skill carried
In diplomacies
Locking up men
Alive
In archives

BETTER FIGHTERS THAN MEN
DO NOT EXIST

The Xiquan-s
Who challenge
The eternity
Better fighters than men
Do not exist
They lean a little
By the horizon
Holding on their backs
Sacks full
Of light

FROM ITS TUNE ARE GUSHING RIVERS

On the hill the birches
Are cleansing in the lime

The acacias are bursting
In roars
Of buds

The lights are gathering
In orange trees

Can you see that bird?
It holds the air
With its wings
From its tune are gushing rivers

WHEN IN THE EVENING THE POPLAR
IS A PRIEST

When in the evening the poplar
Is a priest
The transparent Moon
Half gnawed
By night's worms
Is burying itself
Through these clouds
So flattened
As if God had put
His hands on their heads

LITTLE SPARROWS SITTING
ON THE LANGUAGE

Heretic songs
Are going about
With leaves' speed
The lily is laughing
Risen in ecstasy
Pink petals
Making a special heart attack

From a tall pine
Graduated in law
Little sparrows sitting
On the language
They speak it...

RED SMILES

The morning was breaking out
On the beckoning of storks
And the news was passed on
Dripping honey
In my ears
The new beginning
Revealed its face
In mirrors of fog
And slowly descended
The horizon steps
Under red trumpets
Of the primary rays
The silence was lightly fermenting
Pulled together as a bastille
I retained myself
Waiting as from ruins
To overflow outside

DAY BREAK

When it starts its round
The day is yawning thinly
From the morning's lips
Showing its nakedness
It's hearing is knocked
By an internal cry
A red cry
With the tears of dew
Of the puppies
And the mouth is freeing
Sonorous cascades
Throwing shouts of light
Towards the black past
Which still tightens it
The people are in a hurry
To sip color
In the starting of woods
The horned cattle
Wake from sleep
Begin to graze
The green from its look
And bees return to life
In yellow bewilderment
The flower's pollen
Fainted a bit

THE HEIGHT IN THE ATOM
IS GROWING

Scrap of color is gathering
The crepuscule
The life
Hung by a torch

The height in the atom
Is growing
One cannot reach it

A BRANCH OF SPRINGTIME

The white poetry of the time
Was hanging in the looks
A branch of Spring
A renaissance wall
Was humming around the opened windows
The Sun squeezing itself by light
Dissolving into blue
Filling the East half of the sky
The wind was blowing gently
The melted way

The sleep of the stove was awakening
The insects were hoisting immaculately
The flag of the light shadows
Hands full of restful caresses
Arousing anxieties of virgins
And the young tree of my life
Was shaking off the white poems
Of snow
And was blooming in reverie
From far away, was looking at me
An idol
And dreams existed no more
Except in reality

BIRTH

The light
Is growing brighter

The sky
Is prickled by pines
And I, slowly
How the distances dissipate us
At the end of a path
A hut stops
In the cool
While a child is running 'til his
Soul escapes from his ears

EARLY

At dawn the Spring
Had awakened
As a shilly-shally murmur
Now, noisily is washing
Its face
In its own sweat

The fields were looking up with hope
A ray weeping joy
It had rained much
With flowers and
Few daisies
Were delicately shaking off
The tiny, white dresses
Of dew
The pond - Ireland of water
Was rising up to the surface
Necks on neuphars
Flowers-de-luce tarnished
By shyness
Were sending colored looks

And I was listening
In my thoughts
The whispering of the woods
When the breeze came smelling
Bluish
Of a sea
Behind the space's soul

LET THE SPRING ENJOY THE WATER

Oh, The mighty kills us slowly
And so many tears
Of flowers...

But man don't your
Instant...
Fortuna the Goddess
Is tall
Let the Spring
Enjoy the water

THE TREES ARE GROWING
REFRESHED WITH BUDS

Swollen by wind
In the field
It is leaving
And sown
In gold
A riding star
Sent by Apollo
It's carting
His bird of rays
The trees are growing
Refreshed with buds
A dragonfly
Is walking
Naked
The Spring in fragrance
Is melting
And Euterpe the muse
Begins its game

MARSH OF COLORS

The Summer in doves
It's releasing
Its voice
And in realms it's setting
Marshes
Of colors
Embers of fire
Gathered by Hefaistos
Are burning
In poppies

As wild beasts
Hibernating
Feeble sentiments
Came out to take a walk
Vagrants

IN THE SWEET SWING
OF THE HOPE

In the mouth I have as neighbor
The sleep
Oh, my dear sleep

Before the world
Before its awakening
I make a round
Through the children
I am swaying
In the sweet swing
Of the hope

In the labyrinth like streets of the town
I am carrying as if rolling
The entire life
Towards south

NERVOUS OAKS
WITH A NOSE IN THE AIR

Mountains scattered in a herd
Of trees
Nervous oaks
With a nose in the air
Masters
Of the Earth's azure
Tousled pines
Virulent in Resin...

And the ooze close by
Wintered in the ponds!

THE SEEDS ARE
EXTRACTING SYMBOLS

Laughters
Of ripe fruit
In the field
On the big holiday
The seeds are extracting
Symbols

October passes
Over us
With boots
Full of mud

A CHILD OF THE BEGINNING

The plants bookcase
Of the meadow
Roars of leaves
The thorns are pricking us
Strangers
Of the rays

With the hem up to the waist
The light
Breaks in
Hot images
Still smoking, still...

There I live
A child
Of the beginning

YOUNG GIRL

Your bosom bloomed
On branches
of your green years
The fingers of the rays
Are spoiling
Your little mind
Of the morning
Your long hair, as if showing
Over your crystal shoulders
From the lake of your eyes
The blond drops of dew
Are draining
And tears
Are bearing the fruit of the White Love
Come to shake away
The black petals
Of our incompleteness
In the land of forgetfulness

LIGHT BREEZES
WERE BLOWING THE NOISE

The arrow of a rabbit
In the field
The projectile of an eagle
Flying...

Among candid reeds
Light breezes
Were blowing the noise
The salty water
Foaming at the mouth

Whistle after whistle
The lark was
Swallowing...

I took myself
Outside
To grow up a bit

FROM THE SWEET STAMINA
OF THE BODY

Let's squeeze from ourselves
From the sweet stamina
Of the body
Streams of molecules
Of love
In every written poem!

As a star with soul
The metaphor
Should clear the time
From rust
And awaken the dormant feelings
From programmers

ARE THE BIRDS DAZZLED BY LIGHT?

*The star sits there
Hung on a nail
On the firmament
In the blue blood
Of the sky
The stars are boiling
And above the albatross
Rustle their wings*

*Are the birds dazzled by light?
Are the waves striking the sea?*

THE LOVE WITH LONG HAIR

And I read, the rivers, the trees
The air, the sea

I read the rivers and I write them
With stones
I read the trees
And I write them with clouds,
I read the sea and I write it
With jellyfish.
And I write with stones, with leaves
With clouds, with jellyfish

I read the love with long hair-
And in order to write
I seep the pen in tears
In tears

THE PEACOCK

A silhouette flooded in quietness
A peacock drowned in black hair
The eagle of the downs with blue eyes
Is inventing your statue
The eyes are opening in wonder
And love is dripping
In the ballet of the light's scales
Of happiness
I breathe in your vaporous being
Your humid lips
By an impossible love
Want to be kissed
Your white hands
Hide away from you
The secret of the stars
Your voice
Laid in the grass
Is overflowing from the future
The course of my life
In Niagras

I LOVE MY LONGING OF YOU

Between you and me
There is a difference
Of an Autumn

Between you and me
It's different
The Winter road
away, afar
Thousands of verses
Of light

But I love my longing for you
I love the infinity

FROM SPOILING
OF A SMALL MOUTH

Full of love
The lips
In waves a raising
Fro spoiling
Of a small mouth
Scented
The words make their way

I swim lightly
In your eyes
Of Aphrodite
And steaming whispers
I break
On my tongue
In the heart I discover
An entry
Of light

THE BEAUTY IS CRYING
LIKE AN APPLE

"Selfish object
The mirror-
It's pointing only at you
The solitude!"

And the beautiful is crying, crying
Like an apple
In front of the mirror
As in front of it's own soul

And somewhere, far
Can be heard falling
The vain dreams

THORNY ROSE OF LOVE

It froze the song in his throat
Tyrannized by the woman meekness
The world had set fire
In the night of feelings
And the sounds were sitting still
On the dew
The man was reasoning
And his thoughts shared
His house

MIRAGE

*Your whispers
Bury me in sin
To the waist
I loosen my arms
Through the fog of your surroundings
In vertical speeds towards you
On our shoulders the cloth
Grows old
Faster than the flowers
Caught in drought
The pain becomes a being
Sprouting the dreams
Little by little*

*While the Martyr's time
Flows inside us
Overflowing
Above they watch
Where we should be*

IDEAL LOVE

Is to smile to a girl
more than to caress her?

Is to offer flowers
to a Miss
more than to kiss her??

Is to write a poem
for a lady
more than a night of love
together???

BRAZILIAN GIRL

Subjugate my desires,
Enigmatic Creature with night eyes!
It's the time of warm whispers.
Do you feel, Feminine Wild Beast
with long hair
reaching to my soul
as black as our troubles? . . .
I fell in love with your photo.

BREEZE OF BOSPORUS

Let the breeze of bosporus push me
In abnegation sunrise
Toward a dream adventure
Where fancy flies
Like the yellow hair

Let me be lost
In the infinite blue
Of two eyes
Whence Marmara Sea leaks and floods
The soul
From passion's realm of Istanbul
Which stirs the masculine blood
And inspires
And worries
My ill spirit
To an imaginary love...

Please give me, blond girl
Yourself!

THE WHISPER OF WATER

Stretch out your white hand
Your blond hair
To the Sun of you
The beams with golden rings
Will embrace you

Listen to the whisper of water
Quench my fire in the time
With passionate odor
Let lilies of the valley bloom on your bosom

Look about the whirlpool of grasses
Cracked into stillness
A flame is wandering

WANDERER STAR

Gazing at the canopy
Beyond the migrating birds
Dizzy by their heights
I get inflamed by your cold eyes
Your unclear image
Surrounds me
As a white veil of marble
Your thought is dripping
Into the tremors of my life
And stirs pleasures
From the violin of the soul
Unspent
You throw before you
The silky air that you breathe in
As a wanderer star
Among the nights
You throw your life
Over death

I SCATTER MYSELF
HOLDING YOUTH BY THE SHOULDERS

The Acacia is putting its crown
Charmingly
As a King
Confidently on itself
Uneven carnations
Remained heavy
Of so much color
I scatter myself
Holding youth by the shoulders

IN FLOWERS
THE GLADES ARE REFRESHING

The pines are climbing up the mountains
A Sun is poking into the sky
In flowers
The glades are refreshing
On stones
Silence of the syllable
The stream begins

Small explosions
Among forests
Timid in the beginning
A violet appears
In a rose
Of a smile
Your mouth breaks

THICK AND NOISY VERSES

With blue tanks
The noon penetrates
In the looks
With thick and noisy verses
Of small swallows
Fallen in ecstasy
Of ripe fruit
The seeds are travelling

The frigates on the sea
Are changing
Into fine clothes
Meanwhile
I put my heart
On my face

TRACES THROUGH LEGENDS

With capital letters, newly built
On the world's stages among heroes
You leave to the century a name

By legends you let traces
In the sky, the golden pins
In the fire, infinite columns

BRIDGES OF REMAINS

Crowns reddened in flame
Have been put on freedom's head
The united country's arm is cut off
The justice thrashed on the wheel
The offsprings of the Christian law
Have been killed
Up to the smallest...

And from these leavings
Bridges of remains
Have lasted
Over the time

BEYOND THE COUNTRY

A darkness that one can't
See his soul
And the more you go away
Towards the night

You get near
To the world's tomb
Called oblivion

WESTERN POETRY

By burning embers, extinguished men!
The Spanish woman has Indian skin
And her blood like a tam-tam
She comes from Madrid, but
She has an Athenian loop of hair

The Portuguese woman is an alive woman
But pulled on a dead line
In the pasture
The Spanish woman speaks English
The Portuguese woman speaks English
The men do not speak English
They sleep
From white sky, black rains come
On the green stems, yellow flowers can be seen still
It's hot and cold
It's a cold heat
A few apes are descending from the trees
And enter the human world
By extinguished embers, men burning
With fever

ARIZONA, JULY 1990

Freed from the dull past
Loaded by a nebulous future
This exile goes on -
Oh, America, country full of contradictions
Mother of stateless, of jack on
Both sides and of non-adaptables
Immigrated always in themselves
What does it count for you
One life in plus - one life less
And this destiny of a refugee?
Nothing but a grain of sand
On the bottom of the desert

SENTIMENTS
PRODUCED IN LABORATORIES

All things begin
And terminate
Inside us
The skull became
A cage
In which we are cramming
Sentiments
Produced in laboratories...
And daily we pass
Under tunnels
Of words

MATHEMATICS LITERATURE

Imagine that these poems had been created
By an electronic device, though you are not
Too far! Than what would you have thought?
If in the most sophisticated labs the
Scientists are producing human
Embryos, we are producing souls. According
To mechanic procedures spiritual states
Are being made. Programmed algorithms
In a sophisticated language are producing poems
On a conveyor belt. The writer wearing
A white overall is watching the bracket
Of its ordinator when these are creating
These logic sentiments

It is infant literature for adults
Or vice-versa. Linear verses tore by
Non-linear images, metaphoric equations
Of the insulant abstract systems of thoughts
Breathing of a second...

As the artificial flowers these poems
Are imitating the natural flowers

BEYOND THE WORDS

We breath daily - the air loaded
By verses - full of epithets - like the
Trees with fruit - with metal glitters
As a woman with lipstick stridently
On her lips - we pull through the
Lapsed stairs - of the simple words
And the symbols open to us - bushy
Verses - grown in the fluffy down
Of a dream - laid by the running river
Of a style - in warm aluminum

Devoured by Nature, scorched by love
We learn the climbing, the descending upon
The solid scaffolding of the metaphors

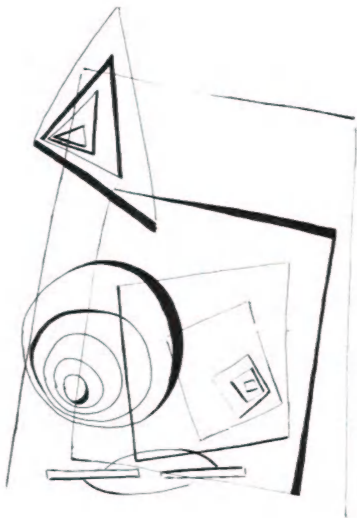
Tender as the breeze of a wind - these
Poems as tall as a dream - with
The green body at the life - with
The white eyes like the hope - and
Black as the grief - from the sweet
Words as the love - and bitter like
The pain I carry the good thought
Cleaner than the health!

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